THE NEW IDEAL.

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EDITORIAL.

GENERAL TOPICS.

THE NEW IDEAL MAGAZINE.

THE NEW IDEAL will surprise its readers this month by appearing in Magazine or Review form. It is a change we have had in mind for months; and indeed, a year ago, had we not largely anticipated assuming a fortnightly or weekly frequency of issue, the magazine would have been, from the beginning, in the shape now taken. For a Monthly, the advantages of the Review form are manifest, and with its continued fine appearance, and its wide page-margins, THE NEW IDEAL must certainly now carry with it increased influence, and consequent helpfulness. Moreover, its contents have always been such as to deserve permanence of form.

LIBERALISM'S SPIRITUAL AIM.

ALL will be glad that Mr. Frothingham himself tells us, in this number, what is "the Spiritual Aim of Liberalism." In his use of the phrase he meant what Mr. Frothingham only could mean; and no one could have suspected that he would mean anything different. In this connection we may reproduce the words of a correspondent:

> "The spiritual aim of Liberalism"? This, it seems to me, consists in *the elevation of our Ideal.* For, the trouble with the old theology has been, and is now, the fact that it presents a low and gross ideal. Elevate, exalt, the Ideal, and then educate the masses to make the Ideal the Actual in all their history and relations, so far as their surroundings will permit. Every man's highest Ideal is his *highest God*, and in attaining it he reaches the highest GOOD. Put the Ideal high, and reach it—if possible."

THE NEW SALVATION OF THE WORLD.

IF every subscriber to THE NEW IDEAL was a subscriber also to *The Modern Science Essayist,* from which we frequently quote in these columns, the great work we are attempting in the publication of both the magazines would be much easier and quicklier accomplished! This is the New and Rational Salvation of the World that is being labored for by our strong body of contributors, and by those

who have in charge the series of popular lectures which the *Essayist* represents. That the work is really the work of Modern, Practical, Rational Religion, and that it vitally and helpfully touches human life, is seen daily in the letters that come to us. We find even so good an authority as Dr. Janes saying (of the *Essayist* New Series), "It is evident that Evolution, whether regarded in its philosophical or in its religious aspects, will largely interest itself in the practical problems of sociology — in the promotion of more active and more widely extended human sympathies, in the elevation of the poor, the vicious and the down-trodden — thus extending the boundaries and the satisfactions of life not only among the remote and barbarous populations of the earth, but also, primarily and correlatively, in each individual member of society. . . . It is to this study, most vital in interest and importance to every human being, that this series of lectures will direct our attention."

ORTHODOXY AND UNITARIANISM.

The New Ideal has many more subscribers among Orthodox ministers than among Unitarian or Universalist ministers. Is not this a straw? Is it not a good-sized rick? Who really doubts to-day that Congregationalism and Episcopalianism are broader and more progressive than Unitarianism or Universalism? If "religion" alone could ever really save the world, it would be saved by active, wide-awake Orthodoxy, and not by a dead or only half alive heterodoxy. The earnest, hopeful *working* minister to-day, if he wishes really to have a hand in the world's better growth, does well to fight shy of denominations that with incessant shrill emphasis proclaim "utmost freedom," and yet kill off or bar out, so far as they can, every one of their clearest-sighted workers, and stop their ears to every call more modern than that of the man they cruelly neglected and helped to bring to his grave thirty years ago. Their sainting of Parker now, and the hanging of his portrait with honors in their shrine, is simple mockery when, to other brave men, they are doing the same things to-day, and when, moreover, they know that if Parker were alive now he would no more call himself a Unitarian than he would call himself a Calvinist. He had such stuff in him as men are made of, and his heart was with Humanity.

A RATIONAL RESPONSE-BOOK FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

Who among ministers and Sunday-school leaders, of any least progressive thought, has not mourned the utter absence of any strictly rational "service-book," for use in the opening and closing exercises of Sunday sessions, and for special occasions? A number of attempts have been made

at various times, by individual ministers or superintendents, to meet for their own little societies the demands of the New Age, by the preparation of such a book. But all, thus far, have been hampered beyond the possibility of good work, either by lack of suitable new material, or by courage to forego *all* of inconsistency in rearranging old material. The progressive school still waits for its ideal. But another attempt is just now being made — the author and collater of the various responsive readings and songs being Rev. A. W. Martin, of Chelsea. If really what it is hoped it will prove, many societies *ought* to desire it. In the next number of THE NEW IDEAL we may be able to announce its appearance.

THE ROOT OF THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

"THE root of the Temperance Question, from a Kindergarten standpoint," is a highly valuable little pamphlet by Elizabeth Harrison, Principal of the Chicago Kindergarten Training School. In a prefatory note, "the problems of the Temperance Question," says the author, "are many and complicated. Froebel and his Kindergarten, when understood, will solve these problems." The idea in the essay or lecture is briefly contained in the inner title of the pamphlet, "Right and wrong *training* of the senses." We wish every mother might read the essay, and keep it near her. We wish every mother would heed its suggestions. Here is something practical. If the "temperance problem" is ever solved it will be solved by the means in this brief paper hinted at. "Why do reformers have to labor so hard to attract the hearts of men to what is in itself glorious and beautiful? Is it not, in a majority of cases, because men and women have not learned to subordinate the gratification of physical appetite to rational ends?" "The perfect character is the character with the perfectly controlled will." The pamphlet should reach every home in the land. It is the voice of the New Ideal.

WESTERN "UNITARIANISM."

WE do not often find ourselves agreeing with Dr. Abbot when, scathingly if not contemptuously, he piles up his massive rhetoric against reverent Agnosticism. But when he touches on Honesty we can strike hands with him every time. Thus his recent word in connection with the attitude assumed a year or two ago, and still retained, by the broad, earnest leaders of the "Unitarian *Movement*," in the West, meets our undisguised approval. In the first place, there is no such thing as a Unitarian "movement." The two terms are mutually and utterly opposed. The "movement" is not, nor ever was, of Unitarians and Unitarianism; but of

grand men who, the moment they began to "move," ceased to be Unitarians and became world-helpers and progressive. During four or five years the editor of THE NEW IDEAL, while at no remote date in active work as the Independent minister of a Unitarian society in the West, maintained the lack of straightforwardness apparent in the retention of the name "Unitarian" by men who were in no least proper sense "Unitarians,"—for what conventional, temporizing, or altogether far-sighted and sincere reason, they themselves only know. And Dr. Abbot now says plainly (in *Unity* of Dec. 7),—

> The principle of open fellowship for which the Western Conference stands so stoutly, is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Yet, were I at the West, I should not find its fellowship open enough for me; for, so long as the Western Conference remains a contented party to that compromise [of creeds and truthfulness, on the part of the American Unitarian Association] I could not join it with self-respect. . . . I can better afford to live and die in absolute isolation than to purchase the joy of [union] at the price of untruthfulness. Your Western movement seems to me weighted down and handicapped by that compromise. If I were now one of your noble band, I should say to the Western Conference, "Let us do one of two things. Either let us go as a body to the National Conference, make a bold effort to square its professions with its beliefs, and strike for an *Honest Unitarianism;* or else let us cut loose altogether, and work out, here in the West, an *Honest Free Religion.*"
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> Impracticable? Yes, I dare say it is. But you asked my thought, and there you have it, undisguised.

OUR WAGE-EARNING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE articles by Mr. Hadley, in THE NEW IDEAL during 1889, attracted many. Our readers must have surmised, before this, that here at least is a man speaking out of personal experience. We count it fortunate to have, as one of our regular contributors on social themes, one who is himself in the "grind" of the wage-earning mill,—a man who, in the summer-time, to eke out his necessary home expenses, hurries with weary body, after ten hours' close work in the machine-shop, to dig and hoe in his garden-patch, or, at other seasons, busy himself about other work that may save or bring in an extra dollar;—then, with fagged body and throbbing brain, sits down, long after proper bed-hours, to try to speak, through THE NEW IDEAL, some word that may help! And often, in private notes to the editor, comes some such cry of pain as this (we do not expect to be forgiven for printing it, but we *must* print it):

> "If you have any other contributor who writes for THE NEW IDEAL under as difficult conditions as I do, he has my sincere sympathy. If I can say anything that will do any good I feel well repaid, but I am not in a very hopeful mood. When I think of this cursed bondage, and that I have brought into the world

two darling children who will, in all probability, become sometime the stock in trade of some manufacturer,——!"

Mr. Hadley's article in the present issue,—"The Let-Alone Policy,"—will be read with interest.

"LIBERAL RELIGION."

WHY did we fill out the end of the above quotation from Mr. Hadley's private letter with a *blank?* Well, the words where our "blank" appears were these: "*I feel like gnashing my teeth.*" And the editor has to be very circumspect! From a half-dozen rich "Liberals" lately he has received notes of warning. Some of them have peremptorily "stopped their paper,"—others have threatened this dire action. "We were promised that THE NEW IDEAL should be the propagator of Liberal Religion," one of them says, "and yet it has been directly sympathizing, both editorially and through some of its contributors, with proposed socialistic and even anarchistic reforms,"—and quotations from both editor and contributors are flung at us with righteous (Liberal) indignation!—among them being words in one place somewhat resembling Mr. Hadley's as above. This is why we didn't quite dare to print the phrase so soon again, right out; we might lose another subscriber. *Of course* an editor must be circumspect.

But—"We were promised that LIBERAL RELIGION should be propagated"! Pray what is it that is implied here? Is it what *seems* to be implied? Then, for THE NEW IDEAL, "Liberal Religion" has no longer any meaning. *Must Free Religion, too,* out of miserable and time-serving "deference to the proprieties,"—or because among its supporters are a few rich ones reclining easily and delightfully on their sumptuous upper seats at life's board,—remain, itself, forever lethargic and on the fence, in company with Unitarianism and Universalism, and see Humanity prostrated in the dust and spat upon, and make no sign? We are not saying that "the masses" are not weak, and culpable, and brutish, and as selfish in their way as any who are higher up; though if they are all this, then (as Garrison replied when told that the slaves "didn't want" freedom) all the more reason why they should be *given the opportunity* to be and desire something nobler and higher than they can now of themselves appreciate. We are not protesting that "the masses" are all that they should be, or might be, or ought to be; too much is not made, perhaps, by "the opposition," of their follies, their dissipation, their wantonness: even their stoutest defenders would often, in very aggravation, be glad to put their witless skulls in a bunch under a trip-hammer, and at one touch of an electric button solve the Problem of Poverty. What we desire to discover is, what is Liberal Religion? Is

it only this,—to forever harp solely on Old-Testament miracle-fallacies and New-Testament Greek and Gnostic mysticisms? Is it only to preach, monotonously, for all time, "No Future Punishment"? Is it simply to decry, year in and year out, any further public observance of "Sabbaths" and "Fasts," and to keep a little half or quarter filled "hall" open here and there, in two or three forsaken corners of the land, for the moth-old ventilation of theological "mistakes"? Free Religion, at its best, is one with the *core* of *all* religion,—it is for Human Helpfulness and Human Enlargement. Truly, if "Free Religion" has no *soul*,—if there is no flesh and blood to it,—if it is only an unburied skeleton,—it would better be decently interred. The New Ideal hopes no other Free Religionist will decry Human Upbuilding.

"IS HIS ARM SHORTENED?"

Of modern religious shames, and they number not a few, the most shameful of all is, perhaps, the prevalent but wholly inexcusable holding back, on the part of the vast majority of the accredited "ministers" of religion, from a full and free acceptance of modern research and knowledge. Progress is open to them, but they fail to seize upon it. Often, without doubt, this holding back is from sheer laziness;—it is a tax on the brain, as well as on the "elegant leisure" of the well-provided-for minister, to study anything new. Often, moreover, it is from a cowardly pandering (Self-interest, thy name is Clergyman!) to the conventional social or theological views of prominent men and women in a parish. A "pastor" should never be Individual, or a leader, but always a temporizer, and a preacher of "smooth things"! Wealthy Deacon A, on the top of the social coach, and conservative Sister B., at the bottom of the Church Manual, are not to be offended. Courage! Faithfulness to Truth! Faithfulness to the New Time, and to the needs of a Present Humanity! Verily, if there *is* a good and wise God, with an arm long enough, one would think he would, in very indignation, reach down out of his upper skies about twice a day, and (to put it mildly), taking nine out of ten of all his unprogressive and libellous "representatives" by the shoulder, wheel them square about from their present course;—(it would hardly be dignified, perhaps, to say "take them by the neck and tip them into the sea.") Luckily, however, for modern ministers as they average, their God is "a God of great patience," and not, any longer, "a consuming fire." The hand of man, to be sure, is laid on them sometimes,—but that is finite, and very ineffectual. Archdeacon Farrar lays his hand on scores and hundreds often. This is how

he did it recently, in an article entitled "Modern Claims upon the Pulpit,"—a word of such emphasis as to have given rise to the present comment. He is speaking in particular of Biblical criticism:

"The tone adopted by some preachers—who would fain usurp the title of orthodox—upon these points of dispute is thoroughly reprehensible. They assume that the results of the newer criticism are the consequence of something which they call 'unbelief'; and they stigmatize them, not as the result of intellectual mistake, but as the fruit of moral perversity. The unbelief and the moral perversity rest rather with themselves, when they substitute idle denunciation for serious argument, and think that anathemas will serve for refutations. He is an unbeliever, he is morally perverse, who refuses to recognize the truths revealed to us by the widening light of knowledge, and who turns the Bible into a sort of fetich or teraph, whose utterances—picked out here and there to support his own views, and interpreted exclusively in the one sense which he chooses to put upon them—he substitutes for the witness of the Spirit and the voice of God."

In this same article Archdeacon Farrar says further: "An immense and silent revolution has taken place in the whole mode of regarding Scripture. The old dogma of verbal dictation has become too baseless an absurdity for any well-instructed and unbiased intelligence to maintain." And his candor in the following must grate harshly on the sensitive self-content of his church as a whole: "No one who is acquainted with the history of science, and has sufficient honesty to accept facts, can possibly deny that scarcely a single truth of capital importance in science has ever been enunciated without having to struggle for life against the fury of theological dogmatists." With even one Voice, such as Farrar's, in England, and one other, like Phillips Brooks's, in America, it is possible that a few thousand years more may really see the reached-down arm unnecessary!

BODY AND SPIRIT.

THERE is a "paralysis of the person," quotes Mr. Frothingham, which is worse than any "crippling of the lot." But, "Give me the luxuries of life," says Dr. Holmes, "and I will dispense with the necessities." Where does the truth lie? Under present social conditions, have the great majority of men really the *opportunity* for "spirituality"? The spirituality of *Liberalism*, if it means anything, means books and music and statuary, and high converse with one's nobler fellows; the intellectual thrill, through study and research, answering to the thrill of the atom in its rhythmic dance; the enlargement of life through the drinking in of the purple of mountain-top and the dash of sunny, vine-clad shore; the following, with the mind, of wheeling planets on their far, unswerving course;—a thousand things of similar finest soul-exaltation, through

rational, satisfying spirit-communion with the Beauty and Order of that Presence, mystic, wonderful, which forever animates and uplifts the natural universe — soul answering to soul. *And what does this imply?* Does Mr. Frothingham know what it means to toil from ten to sixteen hours a day, month in and month out — Summer and Winter — by the day, by the year — at hard manual toil, and, reaching, say at seven o'clock at night, that "home" which was left at six in the morning, find wood waiting to be split, or the garden to be hoed, or house-repairs to be attended to, or the furnace to be cleaned out — an endless, hard routine? Oh, if one had space and time, there were several things that might be said of "spirituality" — and one of them is Weariness, another is Opportunity, — while very, very far down in the list would come in the "gin-shop." "What is the cure for the evils resulting from Liberty?" Macaulay was asked. "More Liberty," was the reply, — that men may *learn how to use it.*

GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE SPIRITUAL AIM OF LIBERALISM.

Can there be any serious doubt as to the general aim of unadulterated Liberalism? When I wrote the words, "Spiritual Aim," the editor's own phrase, "Rational Religion," was in my mind, and also W. J. Potter's article, in the first number of the journal, on "The New Ideal in Religion." The idea of starting a novel thought did not occur to me.

Liberalism is a form of religion, and, as such, has a spiritual aim, which, if I understand it, is simply to discover, announce, and apply a rational faith; — a faith, that is, entirely devoid of superstition, unecclesiastical, undogmatical, unartificial, informed, not in the smallest degree dictatorial or arbitrary, with a hearty recognition of criticism and science and philosophy, willing to surrender anything on the production of convincing evidence, but demanding evidence as a condition of surrender.

Of course the development of such a faith must lie in the future; no present definition can be of any great value, except in a tentative way. For my own part, I can think of religion simply as the adaptation of the individual to the universal; the vital acceptance of unity, order, law, — organic sequence and harmony and development, — and sympathy. And the aim of a rational religion is to effect this interior reconciliation. It is needless to say that no element of superstition mingles with this theory, in my

apprehension. There is no Mediator, no authoritative Word, no sacrament, no dogma, no instituted form or usage. I would not insist on the primary conceptions of theism, a belief in God or in personal immortality. All should be open to Knowledge,—and there should be nothing but eager welcome of this great ally, which Liberalism depends on, and which dispels error while it discloses truth. We all cry,—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,"

always provided that it feels its *duty* to *grow*, and does not assume to have attained.

It is not forgotten that the love of man is fully one-half of religion. It must be, for the reconciliation of the individual to his race is an essential part of that general reconciliation which religion contemplates. Socialism is the scientific statement of this sentiment. But, taken at its best, this feature in religion is merely the fulfillment of the second of Goethe's three reverences,—the worship of that which is around us. There remain two reverences,—reverence for that which is below us, and reverence for that which is above us,—that vast whole which comprehends all forms of being. So that Socialism, even if it could carry out its purposes,—could equalize human circumstances, could distribute wealth, could shorten the hours of labor, could abolish the wage-system, could nationalize land,—and at present it does not seem to be agreed in regard to a plan for doing these things,—would still leave ample room for more ideal powers. Emerson, in the paper on "Worship" ("Conduct of Life"), wrote,—"Every man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun. What a day dawns when we have taken to heart the doctrine of faith!" Amen and amen! But see how much this change implies; self-forgetfulness, self-denial, self-surrender, the postponement of immediate ends, the adoption of an eternal aim. Can anything less than a vision of universal good supply these? Can anything but trust in a supreme equity meet this requirement?

There is an impression that a change of condition will bring a change of character. I very much doubt that. Indeed, I am persuaded by long experience that it will not. Our chief task is to convince those who are released from untoward restraints, from poverty, from oppressive work, from scant opportunity and meagre privilege. There is a "paralysis of the person" which is worse than any "crippling of the lot." There are numbers who need not more

money, leisure, privilege, opportunity, but less; who require to be made to toil; whose character demands external pressure. And it is my belief that the working-man, if he has more time, will, at first, until a more rational spirit is brought to the rescue, be tempted to spend it in unholy ways, and will have to be enticed to the library from the gin-shop. There are exceptions, let us be thankful to acknowledge, but such is the rule.

So the two stimulators,— Socialism and Religion,— must exert themselves together. And "Liberalism" can do this better than other modes of religion because it is least encumbered with ecclesiastical and dogmatical furniture, is more social, and appeals more directly to human instincts, to natural cravings, and natural development. The very name "New Ideal" suggests this great future, this high enterprise. Other papers have in charge the interests of social science. Thank heaven, they have. Every new ideal must do justice to this claim; but there is another, and it is my hope that our paper will lay emphasis on this. That Liberalism is as yet somewhat unconscious of its high calling should not operate as a discouragement. It pretends to cherish a spiritual *aim*, only not to have reached a doctrinal goal. That, of course, is in the very far future. But it is something merely to *look* ahead, to dream, to hope for a better time, to lay foundation-stones, to be positive about our principles, and to commit the erection of an adequate superstructure to that inspiring Reason which will complete the edifice in its own due time.

Of one thing we are sure,— that man is to be all that he can be. Another thing may be asserted,— that all advance is to be along rational lines.

O. B. Frothingham.

PROFESSOR FISHER AND THE BIBLE.

Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale College has a labored article in the December number of *The Century*, on "Revelation and the Bible." As usual with the partisan advocate, he thinks there is small danger of extravagance in praising the Bible, yet he is compelled to make some large admissions.

For example, "The searcher for truth, on opening its covers, does not find between them a dogmatic and ethical treatise in which are methodically set down the articles which he is to believe and the things which he is to do. His Bible is not a Tridentine Creed, nor an Augsburg Confession, nor a Westminster Catechism; nor does it wear the aspect of a systematic account of 'the whole duty of man.'"

He admits, moreover, the great differences between the various authors and books, and that "obvious limitations, belonging to time and place, and to varying types of mind and culture, are stamped upon their pages."

After comparing the Bible with the Vedas and the Koran, to show that the diversity of its character renders it superior to them, he proceeds to set forth the nature and ground of this superiority, and the reason for Christian faith in the supernatural. This he finds in a *peculiarity* of *feeling*, a special occult tone in the Scriptures, and a most unnatural, wonderful quality in believers. It is not anything which can be defined to ordinary natural minds; it is *sui generis*, sufficient unto itself, evidence of itself to itself, dependent upon no outward, natural condition or cause, limited by no time or place, shared by no single breast, but related to the noblest development of character as concomitant or fruit; and this feeling,—for it is at bottom sensibility or feeling,—passes on and up into perception, and perception into the realm of intellect and thought and dogma. It is not allowed to be feeling only; it usurps and assumes the whole field of thought. It becomes plural, multiform,—and we are squarely told that these fancies, or perceptions, have, or as the words are, "*assume*, the character of an objective proof." Wonderful indeed!

"It is vain," he says, "to decry them [these 'perceptions'] as morbid fancies. They are not to be dismissed as dreams of a mystic. They are the voice of human nature—a recognition by man of realities, the denial of which on the part of individuals here or there simply argues an abnormal constitution, or an 'atrophy' of powers, an eccentric quality of some kind in the dissenting skeptic."

These wonderfully peculiar perceptions, shared by the old Hebrews but not by the heathen, and not admitted as of the same value with the Brahmin and Mohammedan,—making the Jew and Christian superior to other men,—called, but by what consistency I see not, except to make the claim large enough, "the voice of human nature,"—are twisted together, and denominated "the spirit of holiness." "It pervades the Bible as an atmosphere. It imparts to it, if one may so say, a supernal quality,—a quality not of earth."

Notwithstanding, however, this miraculous abnormity of the Jewish and Christian perceptions, which Prof. Fisher says are not to be decried as morbid fancies nor dismissed as dreams of a mystic, but are the sober voice of human nature, he goes on to say,—

> Here are not speculations uttered by sages about man's nature, duty, and destiny. Here are not precepts such as may be read in the wisest of the heathen—for example, in Plato and Epictetus,

and in the pensive chapters of the philosophic Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Where there is some likeness in the content, yet the tone is dissimilar.

It is easy to take for granted, without a shadow of proof, that which we want! What realities, pray tell, are proved by faith, or by the belief of them to be true? May I not call this a trick of the popular advocate,—ingenious, but not always ingenuous?

Coleridge found in the Bible "more or less copious sources of truth and power, and purifying impulses." It would have been singular if he had not. Every fair-minded man can, and no doubt does, do this. Why is it that "believers," who vaunt themselves on their superior goodness, always attribute the most extreme denials to all who dispute their *ipse dixit*? Are they more righteous than other people?

Prof. Fisher has to take a modified view of the infallibility of the Bible; has to yield more or less to the results of modern criticism,—but with a caution, and with qualifications, which would be considered as of slight worth if made use of in an unpopular cause. Admitting that "it was not the Scriptures that made the religion, but the religion that made the Scriptures," he would yet meet the objection of the Roman Catholic to the popular use of the Scriptures as Chillingworth did, which he says is the only way,—namely, "to insist that all essential truth, truth essential to salvation and the conduct of life, is easily discernible in their pages."

One other point: He admits the resemblance of the contents of the opening chapters of Genesis to the legends of kindred nations,—yet claims at the same time that they have a mystical superiority! and he adds, "If the Hebrews were left to share in the belief of their ancestors that the world was made in a week's time, they were not worse off than Christians have been until within a century past"!

But I suppose that the Professor has not completed his utterance, and that in the next number of *The Century* we shall have a fuller and possibly a clearer exposition of his views of inspiration.

A. N. Adams.

ORGANIZED LABOR.

It is remarkable how much our times are similar to those of the decline of the Roman Republic. The Romans had ceased to believe anything, and all affairs were conducted with a view to self-indulgence. There were the most startling contrasts of selfish luxury in the few of enormous wealth, and abject poverty among the masses. Lowest down were sixty million slaves, hardly considered human beings; a little above was found the vast majority

of free citizens, brutal, dependent on the rich, ignorant, at night dragging themselves to their wretched quarters in the sixth and seventh stories of the huge lodging-houses in imperial Rome. Far above, again, were the wealthy classes, debauched, ostentatious, leading a weary, monotonous life, the most virtuous of whom could reach no greater height than glorifying suicide, and whose other literature was most vicious and degraded.

One might go on and draw the most startling parallels in all respects,— in politics, economics, morals, religion,— between now and eighteen hundred years ago; the reason, as I contend, that the periods are essentially similar, being that they are both transition periods between one organic social order and another. But in the two there is yet at the same time one essential difference, which, in spite of the similarity, raises our times upon a plane far higher than the ancient. That is to say, instead of the Roman *dependent* free citizens, our working-classes have a decided individuality, have become self-conscious, and determined to become the masters of their own fortunes,— and this they owe to their *Labor-organizations.*

It is well to understand the position of these organizations, their pretensions, and the probable role they will play in the future. No healthy mind among them or their friends claims that their members are superior in morals or intellect to their fellow-citizens, and it is equally a mistake to suppose that their endeavor is to put their feet on the necks of their fellow-citizens, to make the working-classes the dictators of the future Social Order. But one thing they know to be a fact, and leading men of other classes, who are competent to judge, come more and more to admit it. It is this: that the organized wage-earners of all civilized countries nowadays are far from being awkward feet of clay, looking up with deference to the heads of gold. The relation is *reversed:* it is they who are the most clear-sighted on all political and economical questions; who best know what the future demands, so that, so to say, they have been made by Evolution the natural leaders of social progress, for the time being. And this has become the fact, not at all because these workingmen are wiser or better instructed than others, but exclusively because they have felt the pinch of our social evils more than others; have been compelled to give to them their whole attention and their deepest thought. This is admitted by such an economist as Prof. Francis Walker, who repeatedly has said that Political Economists have made a nice muddle of social questions, and that all the advice they hitherto have almost forced on the working-classes has turned out to be mischievous, while the activities of the latter have proved the

very best means thus far attempted for effecting an equitable distribution of wealth.

What I propose to show here is that it is these wage-earners who are constructing the model that future Society will have to copy, and laying down the rules we shall have to follow; and in the next place, that other classes, especially our ruling classes, are perfectly sterile, and have nothing effectual to propose.

The only reform that anybody who speaks in the name of the latter directly proposes, is Profit-sharing; and this the vast majority of employers *will* not, from pure contrariness, adopt. One of their own number, Godin, in France, has constructed a splendid working scheme for their benefit,—the *Familistère* at Guise. He has shown how operatives can be made contented, and be insured against pauperism, against the evils flowing from sickness and old age,—and this without the Capitalists being one cent out of pocket. Gilman has published a book, in which he shows more than that: he shows that the essence of "Profit-sharing" is that the laborers themselves create the extra fund out of which their shares or "bonuses" come, and that the balance will go into the employers' pocket, so that it really is a scheme to make the laborers give their bosses a "bonus," rather than the reverse. But no, the employers will not adopt it, though the question, as we have pointed out, is not a question of unselfishness, since it would be for their interest. They are simply not broad-minded enough, not progressive enough, to do so.

It is in these latter respects that the wage-earners excel them; for we have no doubt that the workers would cheerfully second all efforts to introduce Profit-sharing—though the wisest would see that at bottom it would be an imposition—if their employers would but take the initiative.

The Labor-organizations have nailed to the mast a flag inscribed "Eight-Hours." And their demand is a perfectly statesmanlike proposition. Even that demagogue, Lord Randolph Churchill, is wise enough to see that it is, for he is reported to have written a letter saying that "eight hours of labor seems to be the ideal which democratic legislation may wisely and profitably aim at. A working-day of eight hours would diminish the number of the unemployed, and if the profits of the Capitalist should be lessened, that disadvantage would be largely out-weighed by the increased comfort and content of the laborers."

These arguments are indeed those that organized Labor has, during the last few years, dinned into the ears of the public. They have shown themselves very unselfish in this matter—in distinction from the employing class. They

say: "We are perfectly willing to start with a reduction of our present wages,—in proportion to the decrease of hours. But what we want to have for ourselves, for our brethren and our children, is more leisure,—or rather, simply, leisure, for we have none now,—and employment for the thousands who are in enforced idleness. We are confident that wages by and by will go up, and exceed what we get now; and profits will *not* be reduced, since the vastly increased production as a whole will compensate for the loss on the single article."

But what deserves even more consideration is the undoubted fact that the principles of Trades-Unionism will very soon in the future be incorporated in both our industrial and political systems.

These Unions are the type for the coming *Democracy*. If the definition of Carlyle and others were correct, that the democracy means carrying on government by the counting of heads, it would soon end in anarchy. The Unions practise the right sort of Democracy, the sort that has proven beneficial, which consists of these two truths: first, that administration belongs to the capable; and second, that all the citizens must intelligently co-operate and hold the administrators responsible. The Unionists first find out critically and thoughtfully their best, their natural leaders and guides, and, having found them, stick by them, make them strong, grapple them to their hearts with links of steel, and follow them like captains whom they trust. But mark: this only as long as they prove true,—and not simply true, but efficient. Strict responsibility is a *sine qua non*, and inefficiency the very best cause for removal. "How shall we find our Able Men?" is asked in despair. Nothing is easier in a true Society, animated by true public aims. But surely, where only self-interest governs, there is no hope of finding good men, or of reverencing them when found.

Again, I have no doubt, as I think I have expressed in a previous article, that Trades-Unions furnish the *industrial* outlines for the future Social Order;—that every useful citizen, even judges and teachers, will be enrolled in some corporate body, which I call a "Trades-Union" simply for the sake of clearness. It is a most marvelous fact, a testimony to the compulsory power of logic, that a man like Wm. H. Mallock, the great anti-socialistic crusader, has in a late paper advocated the legal incorporation of the wage-earners, with power of compelling all in the trade to enter the Union,—thus doing away with "scabs,"—and speaking with authority and without appeal on all questions affecting their interest. He says, "The welfare of a country depends on a balance between the claims not of a

numerical majority and minority, but of a variety of bodies, that all rank as equals on account of the equally essential services which each renders to the community. The justification for such an arrangement as here indicated lies deep in the nature of things, and is the only one in complete harmony with facts."

Certainly this is a far more philosophical attitude than that occupied by such men as Carnegie and W. B. Weeden, who style our Labor-Organizations "an Asiatic despotism," and perversely look upon them as "strange and unnatural forces, seizing the latest forms of organization, created to construct, and turning them to the destruction of the organisms of industry."

LAURENCE GRONLUND.

RELIGION AND MORALITY FROM THE SPENCERIAN POINT OF VIEW.

FROM Spencer's point of view it is obvious that religion and morality are quite distinct in their nature and purpose. Religion aims at keeping alive sentiments of awe and reverence for that incomprehensible power which everywhere manifests itself through the working of the universe. It seeks to define man's relation to this power and serves to remind him that in spite of its reality, its nature and attributes are and must ever be beyond human comprehension. Morality, on the other hand, has solely to do with the conduct of men. It has for its object to determine what courses of action are most conducive to personal and social well-being. From the nature of things, some modes of conduct must be best adapted to promote individual and collective happiness; and, since the maxims of absolute ethics meet this need, we value them accordingly. Hence goodness derives its inestimable value from its intrinsic worth. Not for the purpose of gaining the good-will of the unknown cause of things, not for the purpose of being rewarded in a possible life to come, in obedience to the dictates of our better self enjoined on us, but because the welfare of all is dependent upon the moral behavior of each. Beyond the knowledge that the order of things has made universal happiness contingent upon universal allegiance to the law which we call moral, we know nothing indicative of any relation between morality and the inscrutable source of things. Whether wickedness can in any way affect the higher power, or whether we are to be punished after death for sins committed in life, are questions about which we are superlatively ignorant, but we are absolutely sure that wrong-doing causes sorrow and pain in this

world, and that the wrong-doer himself often suffers untold pangs on account of his transgressions. If, however, we cannot count upon being rewarded after death for having led a virtuous life on earth, why strive to live up to the standard of absolute ethics? Three reasons present themselves: 1st. Because moral perfection is the only road that leads to the highest state of individual and social happiness; 2nd. Because wrong-doers live under the constant fear of having to pay such penalties as society imposes upon them for its own protection; 3rd. Because those who disregard the dictates of conscience are made to suffer the pangs of remorse.

It is commonly supposed that this view of religion and morality shuts out all hopes of posthumous possibilities, and makes goodness a matter solely of the intellect. Both of these suppositions are erroneous. Because we confess ourselves totally ignorant of that which lies without the region of the knowable, must we therefore deny the possibility of a life beyond the grave? Not at all. The same considerations which make it impossible to prove the immortality of the soul, render futile all attempts to disprove it. Reason cannot fathom that which lies beyond "the sphere of sense"; it cannot soar beyond the limitation of its own powers. If any one longs ardently for immortality, there can be no objection to his cherishing the hope of a life beyond the grave *provided always that the true emotional nature of such a hope be kept constantly in mind.* The Spencerian philosophy merely prohibits us from asserting or denying that which can neither be proved nor disproved; but it gives the emotions free play so long as they do not trespass upon the domains of the intellect. Since the doctrine of immortality can neither be satisfactorily refuted nor successfully demonstrated, whether men will hope for a future life beyond the grave must depend greatly upon their emotional temperaments. Those who entertain such hopes, and those who reject them, are alike logical, so long as they do not allow their feelings on the subject in any way to becloud their intellect.

Equally unfounded is the assumption that the scientific moralist makes the intellect the sole sanction for obeying ethical injunctions. Because science teaches us the real significance of goodness, because it points out why virtue is preferable to vice, because it confirms the dictates of a clear conscience from another point of view, is the authority of our moral sense thereby weakened? Assuredly not. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that the spontaneous activity of our ethical impulses reveals its true moral grandeur only to those who can perceive how completely the principles of scientific morality harmonize with the instincts of our moral sense.

And now, in conclusion, let me ask, Why will men persist in calling this system of philosophy irreligious? Why do they persist in saying that it robs life of all beauty — of all sanctity? Does it not point, in wonder and admiration, to the mysteriously wrought grandeur of creation? Does it not proclaim, in terms most emphatic, that all Nature's forces do but shadow forth some divine reality that pervades and penetrates this universal grandeur? Does it not, in a deep sense, leave intact the hopes and fears of posthumous possibilities, and hold sacred, too, the voice of conscience? Undoubtedly. Why, then, these persistent utterances to the contrary? There can be but one explanation. Those who make them have not yet attained to that higher light which, in its glorious splendor, shall one day illumine the whole world. But pray let us not censure them. Let us treat them with becoming charity. Let us have patience; for, as surely as the sun rises and sets, the great reformation will come. The days that shall be are not as yet.

SYLVAN DREY.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY ON IMMORTALITY.

THE motto, or text, of the essay is that passage in the Fifth book of the Iliad, in which Homer sings:

> "Like the race of leaves is that of humankind";

and Shakespeare's lines in the Tempest, concluding thus:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

I.

Homer had not heard the gospel of the great religions, affirming the permanence of the individual, and so sang sadly,

> "Like the race of leaves is that of humankind."

Nearly a thousand years afterwards, Paul skirted the coasts of the Ægean sea, resonant still with the songs Homer had sung, and told the life-loving Greeks: not the *leaf*, but the *seed*, is the true symbol of humankind. "*It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.*"

Plutarch asserts that when Alexander, in his progress towards the subjugation of Asia, halted at Ilium, he sacrificed on the tomb of Achilles to Minerva, and poured liba-

tions to the shades of the great Homeric heroes. Curiously, too, Paul in his progress westward to bring Europe under the civilizing influence of a new faith, halted at Troas on his journey to Macedonia, Athens and Corinth. His stay there became the occasion of injecting, with grotesque incongruity, into the didactic solemnity of his extant correspondence, this homely bit of afterthought: "The cloak, that I left at Troas with Carpus, when thou comest, bring with thee, and the books, but especially the parchments."

Did Paul too, like Alexander, yield to the overpowering fascinations of the region, haunted with the ghosts of heroes, and made sacred by the combats of the Gods? He poured no libations; he offered no sacrifices. But he was a reader of the great Greek poets, for he quoted Aratus, one of the lesser poets, to convince the Athenians that men were the offspring of God; and may it not have been, that, while waiting for calm weather to cross over into Europe, he soothed his spirit by reading, on the spot, the story that for nearly three thousand years has charmed the hearts of Pagans and Christians alike; and that the spell of the immortal poem was so strong on him that, when the skipper came to tell the passengers that his boat was ready to attempt the channel passage, the zealous apostle was absent-minded, and hurried off leaving part of his traps behind? Perhaps the books were these very poems, which he had hastily thrust into the pockets of the old cloak, lest some narrow Jew proselyte should catch him regaling his mind with contraband pagan literature.

Homer himself would have reciprocated this devotion, and, finding the Jewish missionary susceptible to his poetic fancies, would have in turn succumbed to Paul's eloquence and the power of his metaphysical reasoning. Homer would have believed in a life prolonged after death, for his guileless mind, in the wondering age in which he lived, believed in many things much more incredible than that.

But Shakespeare knew all about what Paul had taught concerning immortality, if not what Sakya Muni and the Persians and Egyptians had taught, and did not more than half believe it. For although, in the ghostly revelations of Hamlet's father, he indicates purgatory as an actual locality,—

> "Where for the day confined to fast in fires,
> Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
> Are purged and burnt away," —

and gives a glimpse of the evangelical heaven and hell in what Laertes flings at the head of the priest:

> "I tell thee, churlish priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling," —

these are opinions demanded by the dramatic situation. The poet's real faith, or want of faith, is confessed in the passage I have made my text, and in this:

"To die; to sleep
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to — 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished."

In one respect, both Homer and Paul were on the right track. They were seeking to find the law of human succession in some analogy of nature — and there is where, it it seems to me, it will some day be found, if it is ever found.

II.

What warrant had the great religions for basing the whole scheme of the universe upon the permanence of the individual human consciousness? What solid ground had Descartes to stand upon, when he began all philosophizing with the recognition of the *ego?* Just as, in astronomy, we got no correct idea of the magnitude, distance, order, or movement of the heavenly bodies, while we took our own little world as the point of observation, and assumed it to be the center of all motion,— the thing to which stars, sun and planets were subservient,— so in metaphysics, and in religion *as science*, we shall only get distorted pictures of the order of the cosmos, and misleading ideas of the "purposes of God" and of the consummation of life, so long as we study them from the peep-hole of our own egotism. As the astronomer allows for refractions, and corrects the false perspective of a side view, so the philosopher must resolutely put his foot on the suggestions of self-hood — he must get for himself a disinterested *pou sto*, and study the "plans of God," as they can only be studied justly, from the stand-point of his impartiality.

This upstart *ego* — quite a new-comer among the entities of the cosmos — flattered alike by religion and philosophy, has gotten for himself an enormous stomach! Is God so limited and hampered in his grand ideas, that he must accommodate himself at every stage to the childish and ignorant caprices of one of his tentative creatures? and may not man's Creator blot him out forever, after testing in him the workings of powers and faculties intended from the first as the equipment of a better-planned being?

This presumptuous consciousness of ours asks for itself an eternity of existence equal to that of God himself! What is this but the preposterous cry of a child clutching at the moon? —

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

It will have no completed creation, no eternity, no God, unless it can take them in at the narrow out-look of its own cognition. It virtually says: "What profit in all the order of perfective law, in the reign of universal righteousness, in the bliss of grandly endowed beings dwelling in expanding intelligence, unflagging service and fervent love, so long as I am not there to get my share of it?"

My consciousness — it seems a most precarious and evanescent thing. It comes into my organism — lights up the universe for me for a brief season, like those revolving lanterns, that flash their beams across the black ocean for a few seconds, and then go out in darkness. I lost it last night; I shall lose it again to-night. I part company with it whenever I get a smart knock on the head, and at every considerable disarrangement of my physical functions, even when not threatening, nor resulting in, death. My body was a complete, though weak and puny thing, some months, perhaps years, before consciousness of my personal identity was established in it. Not only the slow process of my moulding in the womb of my mother went on without my will and choice, but all the important functions of my life are performed without my volition and direction. Nature now trusts the grown-up man with the care of getting and putting into himself the food that nourishes him, and of getting and putting upon himself the clothing that warms him. She has even left to his caprice the important function of reproduction, after arming it with the impulse of an exaggerated passion. But she does not leave to his meddling and fumbling — lest he make a botch of it — the pumping of his heart, nor the respiration of his lungs, nor the chemical action of his digestive fluids.

Looked at historically, there was a good deal of good and essential work done, here in the world, before man's intelligence was here to observe or criticise it. The sun managed somehow to rise, the tides to swing in and out, the winds to pant themselves out and be still, the birds to busy themselves with their domestic cares, the beasts to keep up their loves and their slaughters, ages before man came upon the scene. And if life went on before we came, and never missed us, can it not go on after we are gone, and never regret us?

We see thus that our individual consciousness is the accident, not the essential, of even our mortal lives. We see forms of life around us apparently more complete, more harmonious, certainly more permanent than ours, with regard to which, if we cannot affirm their unconsciousness,

we do not habitually regard them as conscious, nor is a state of consciousness in them quite thinkable. Is it not presumptuous to commend to the Artificer of the universe a form of being that, so far from being our best and normal condition, may even be our banishment from the life of the whole,— our imprisonment in self, from which wise and saintly souls groan and pray for deliverance, just as the mountain-brook murmurs and complains to woods and sky in its vague longing to pour its individuality into the bosom of the grander life of the ocean?

Why should the alternative of personal immortality be blank nothingness and death? We are not the authors of creation; it is only our conceit that we are its purpose and end. What right have we to say that God exhausted his capacity in the making of us, and that he cannot improve upon the man as he improved upon the ape?

III.

I am told, and men generally believe, that, after death, the essential essence of every man — all of him that is not material and earthly — lives on with the same faculties of mind, the same traits of character he had possessed as a mortal, and with a memory that connects his new with his previous existence. Indeed, all the sanctions of future reward or punishment rest upon the assumption that the soul is all the time aware that it is receiving the fruition of its own deeds, good or evil, and so the memory of its earthly experiences must ever be vividly before it.

Perhaps; but let me confess that my rational mind contemplates such a prospect with something akin to dismay. Is God thus limited in his remedial resources? If he had ever done, was ever seen to do, his works in that way, we might believe it possible. So far as we observe him at his work it seems to be his method not to mend and preserve bad things, but to throw them away and make better ones. His maxim seems to be: "*Behold, I create all things new.*" When a cell in my body is worn out, he does not repair and reinstate it. He dismisses it from the organism and supplies its place with a new cell. When an old race — the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Greek — is run out and exhausted, he brings in a new race — the Celtic, the Saxon, the Sclavonic — to assume the empire of the world.

I am careful to say that my *rational mind* looks upon the prospect with something like dismay. I do not deny that my animal instinct shrinks from the loss of personal identity with genuine apprehension. I sometimes surmise that God, who knows better than I what is best, will disregard that brute cry of the animal instinct, and work out his better purpose. The swine resents the arrest by the

hands of man of his swinish identity, with wild and shrill ululation. He wants to continue to be a hog, and if he lives again to live his hoggish life. But man virtually says to the screaming creature: Your life as a beast was a base and disgusting one, and I propose to end it. The living particles of protoplasm which built up your repulsive personality I propose to put to nobler uses in the economy of an ever-expanding nature. I will make them the elements of the bodies, the material basis of the thoughts, the fuel of the sublime emotions of rational and soul-endowed men, and so make you, in spite of yourself, subserve better purposes and a nobler beauty. And who shall say that God will not mercifully quench the brute longings of my instinct, while he makes of my surrendered personality a nobler and better creature?

If those natural apprehensions that make us shudder at the loss of our personal identity, and passionately long for the restoration in kind of our narrow human lives, had been consulted, it is certain that we should never have come into this life. Our mothers protested with all the terrors of an alarmed instinct against the discomfort and peril of the passage, and our first manifestation of sensation was a wild wailing over some experience of suffering, which, if mercifully blotted out of our memories, still thrilled our quivering nerves. But what pity had nature for mother or child, as with rough and effective hand she seized, and put through, a process too essential to the scheme of life to be baffled or hindered by frantic fears or self-limited pains?

So, if I may not quite adopt the Apostles' Creed, and say: "I believe in the resurrection of the body"; I may say I believe in the resurrection. Not a resurrection out of harmony with all the observed operations of God, but a resurrection that ever, out of death and the extinction of old forms and of individuals, brings life and new individuals;—a resurrection which every Spring declares and exemplifies—a resurrection going on in the vital processes of our human bodies, as well as in the succession of all living creatures and races.

And I believe in the Life Everlasting,—

"That life is ever Lord of death."

I believe in the immortality of the soul rather than in the immortality of souls. The permanent is the infinite; and whatever is finite, whatever exists in the condition of individuality, is necessarily transient. It is the condition of all existence, in this world, in any conceivable world, that, whatever is severed from the life of the whole, and is made a separate, limited and individual life, must return at last to its center and source.

A very old scripture, with a profounder meaning than is commonly appreciated, thus indicates the hidden cycle of man: *"Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it."*

Let us, then, launch our evanescent selfhood on the great sea of death, trusting

> "That God which ever lives and loves,—
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

We cannot suppress the clamors of our personality; while we live we are the prisoners of instinct. But, ere we stoop to embark on the dark passage, we may throw this sop to Cerberus to appease his barking: Neither this our mortal, nor any precedent bestial life, if we had such, has been vain or purposeless, but was a part — a necessary part — of the perfected whole.

> "No longer half akin to brute;
> For all we thought and loved and did
> And hoped and suffered is but seed
> Of what in them is flower and fruit."

GEO. F. TALBOT.

BELLAMY CRITICIZED.

IN a previous article* I spoke in large commendation of Mr. Bellamy and his book. While I now have no purpose to undertake an elaborate criticism of his work, there are certain points in it to which I wish to call attention, because they have to my mind presented obstacles in the way of realizing the author's vision. Mr. Bellamy, as you know, through his magical art, causes us to look forward by "looking backward." He supposes us all to have reached the year 2000, and through his system of State Socialism, or Nationalism, to be in a condition of wonderful general prosperity, plenty, happiness, culture, and peace; poverty all gone, brutality abolished, crime almost annihilated,— what little there is of it left being treated in hospitals as hereditary infirmity. From this vantage-ground of felicity we look back upon the present condition of society with amazement that such a barbarous state of things could be endured and been called civilization. In reading the fascinating chapters as the artist turns his kaleidoscope and successively presents his pictures, perhaps some of you have wondered, as I did, Why may not all these pleasant things, thus seen in vision, be brought to pass? In the book everything comes so smoothly and works so charmingly that it seems for the

*"Bellamy's Vision," THE NEW IDEAL, December, 1889.

time as if it would be almost easier than not, to have the reality. But perhaps, on putting the book away and more deliberately asking your own judgment why all these things may not come to pass, you have also had my experience; your vision has become dimmed, and there are spots on that millennial picture of the earth in the year 2000; you see grave difficulties darkening the view. Possibly the spots are only specks of dust on the magical lens, which Mr. Bellamy would easily detect and whiff away. Or the difficulties may arise from mere lack of skill in handling the glass. But, since they appear to us to be real difficulties, we had better state them.

The first of these obstacles to the realization of the vision which occurs to me is that Mr. Bellamy ignores some of the most prolific sources of the miseries which at present afflict human society. He refers, for instance, "nineteen twentieths" of all the crime of our present era to "inequality in the possessions of individuals"; says that "the desire for money" is directly or indirectly "the motive of all this crime, the tap-root of a vast poison growth, which the machinery of law, courts, and police can barely prevent from choking our civilization outright." To be sure, Mr. Bellamy has Scriptural authority for the statement that "the love of money is the root of all evil." But this was said nearly two thousand years ago, and in the midst of a very primitive and simple state of society. To-day the statistics of our criminal courts prove that a very large majority of all the crimes committed are caused directly or indirectly by intemperance. The authorities on the subject only vary slightly in the amount of the proportion, but all agree that from two-thirds to nine-tenths of the various crimes that make the business of the courts are instigated by the vicious appetite that leads to drunkenness. And this does not include the vast and incalculable sum of brutalities, sufferings and wretchedness of all sorts which intemperance entails upon society, but which are borne without coming into the publicity of the courts. That Mr. Bellamy should have given no heed to this source of crime and social evil, the statement of which has become one of the commonplaces of criminal records and of temperance literature, is very remarkable. He evidently has drawn his criminal statistics from the records of the higher courts, whose business is concerned very largely with questions of property. But these courts hold sessions in a single county but infrequently, and spend much time over a single case, while the municipal and district courts, which have cognizance of the host of crimes springing from intemperance, are in daily session, and the evidence against the prisoners is in most cases so patent that a long list of convictions is reached in a single session.

We might have been prepared to find that this evil of intemperance had been abolished in Mr. Bellamy's vision, by the application of the principle of absolute prohibition both to the production and possession of alcoholic beverages; for, since his semi-military government has entire control of all the productive and distributive industries of the country, it would seem to be a comparatively easy thing to get a stringent prohibitory law executed under such governmental conditions. But, clearly, prohibition is not the agency on which *Nationalism* depends for overcoming intemperance; for wine-drinking is represented by Mr. Bellamy as one of the social customs remaining in the year 2000. Wine and wine-drinking are to be there — but, of course, no intemperance. Beer and whiskey, too, so far as I see, if only a certain number of people ask for them and will pay for them. Beer, whiskey and wine are to be there, as much as the people may want, and yet no intemperance. If Nationalism really has the secret, without resorting to prohibition, for solving this problem of temperance which is becoming the despair of present reformers, it is a great pity that Mr. Bellamy did not tell it. I surmise, however, that he has no other secret than this,— that, with some other philosophical reformers, he cherishes the theory that poverty is the cause rather than the result of intemperance, and that when poverty is abolished, intemperance will consequently be abolished with it; a theory which hard facts do not warrant. Doubtless poverty does sometimes drive its victims to spend the last penny for a soothing draught to the land of oblivion, but neither this fact, nor the low animal plane of existence to which constant drudging toil holds men almost perforce, sufficiently accounts for the enormous power of the appetite for intoxicating drinks; and the question how the vast and portentous brood of brutal evils which now issue from this appetite is to be destroyed is not adequately answered by Mr. Bellamy's serene assurance that, "education and good manners" having become universal in the twentieth century, "such atrocities will be scarcely ever heard of."

Another source of a large amount of crime and social misery, of which Mr. Bellamy's book takes very inadequate notice, is the sexual passion. But this I must pass by with a brief allusion. The abuses and degradation of this instinct, at least in the aggressive sex, have nothing to do with the love of gain, but are rather hostile to the aims of Mammon. Nor is this an evil which is confined to the rough and ignorant classes. Some of its worst and most seductive phases are found in circles of "education and good manners." It is an evil that is to-day sapping the virtue and character of some of the most civilized nations

of the globe, and I find no sufficient cure for it in Mr. Bellamy's picture of the next hundred years.

Nay, in connection with both of these great social evils just considered, I see, in that provision of his millennial government, by which at the age of forty-five all people of every description are to be mustered out of the industrial army, to do henceforth what they please, supported at the public expense — in this provision I see opportunity and temptation presented to physical appetite, unguarded by that strong preservative against wandering into forbidden ways — *occupation*. The public offices still to be filled from these retired veterans could only furnish employment to a small and select number, — those, too, who would mostly be safe anyway. And a large class, we may readily believe, would then find wished for leisure to apply themselves *con-amore* to such amateur vocations as they may be specially fitted for or fond of. But, unless human nature shall have become more thoroughly transformed than we have any reason to believe probable within the limit of a hundred years, there will still be, in spite of increased culture, a very large class who will have little faculty for anything beyond the physical tasks at which they have been compelled to work for twenty years, and who will look to their release from these tasks as an opportunity for recreations and pleasures not of the highest order.

Another difficulty, which Mr. Bellamy passes lightly over in his artistic way, appears to some of our prosaic minds a very formidable one. He frankly admits that the huge industrial army will be under an organization and discipline similar to what is found necessary in an army of soldiers. This means a military surveillance and a military stringency of regulations. It means fixed hours for work and recreation; watchmen and sentinels to guard against vagrancy and desertion; a system of passports to prevent migration and travel except by official authority; arrests for violation of these rules. "As for actual neglect of work, positively bad work, or other overt remissness on the part of men incapable of generous motives, the discipline of this industrial army" — so Mr. Bellamy writes — "is far too strict to allow much of that. A man able to do and persistently refusing is cut off from all human society." What, in this dire case, the special punishment is to be, is left to the imagination. Now for a short time, in the exigencies of war, a free people may submit to such discipline as this. But the average human mind does not like it for a steady rule of life, and instinctively rebels against it. I apprehend that the peace of Mr. Bellamy's Eden might be broken by a revolt in the industrial army before the first twenty years' period had expired.

But, though for these reasons and others which I have not space to state, Mr. Bellamy's vision does not seem to me to have taken a wholly practicable form, I am glad that his book has been written, and that so many people are reading it. There *is* a vision in that direction, with substantially the same chief features of felicity, unity, peace, of mutual helpfulness instead of warring avarices, of recognitions of justice and fraternity for reconciling competing and struggling interests. Even Mr. Bellamy's genius may not have accurately shaped this vision, but the substance of it is there in our moral sky, in the gleaming horizon of a new day for humanity's future. It is there in the reddening dawn of that better day for man which is surely coming, unless all our religions be a delusion, our ethics a lie, and the Eternal Power that has thus far worked for righteousness shall revolutionize its own nature and work for wrong and perdition. WM. J. POTTER.

ILLUSION.

To SEE the prize, and struggle to attain,
To buffet with a host of eager foes,
Who thrust unceasingly; to lose to gain,
And in the very flush of joyous might,
To doubt the worth, the purpose of the fight:
Ah! shining mark, that glowed amid the strife!
A simple trick, to harass the repose
Of sloth and lure us to a zest for life.

A. C. BOWEN.

THE LET-ALONE POLICY.

WHENEVER workingmen combine, in order that they may be better able to enforce their demands, it is always the case that, from a certain class, they meet with opposition of the strongest kind. From this mentioned class we look invariably for a solid front of objections; and we are never disappointed. And all the laws of ancient usage back up these objections. We are told that expediency, the multiplication-table, and the eternal *un*fitness of things, are all on the side of the great has-been; that about what "should be" it is foolish and dangerous to talk; that the common people must be taught that the laws of business and the laws of justice and right will never mix.

Of course the fossilized I-Ams of political economy never express themselves in the above commonplace manner; but if, by standing on dictionaries and encyclopædias, we can reach high enough to pull their faultless rhetoric down from

the clouds, we will find, within a very large circumference of shell, just meat enough to express the sentiment — "Everything is all right, and well enough, and should be let alone."

And so we, who earnestly long and hope for the emancipation of labor and the uplifting of manhood, should not be surprised when we see long double-leaded *mis*-leaders in the great dailies, nor believe that what is popularly recognized as economic authority can pronounce its ultimatum for all time, although the exclusiveness of the great American monthlies, in which it is often presented, guarantees and warrants its respectability. Observe with what striking harmony representative opponents of industrial reform dwell upon the desirability of maintaining a system of "free contract" between employers and employees! With what a charming simplicity is the proposition presented, that two individuals should be wholly free and unrestrained in forming a contract, which, whatever advantages or disadvantages may result therefrom to either, is most certainly nobody's business except that of the contracting parties!

People who don't know what the actual every-day relations of capital and labor are, have a kind of vague idea that these relations bear more or less resemblance to a pastoral poem. They deplore any untimely interference that threatens to sever those links of poetry which, from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, have bound with gentle ties the free laborer to his employer. This is one reason why the plea for unrestricted individual liberty, which, for instance, the big magazine *littérateurs* make in behalf of the much abused employer of labor, is such an exceedingly captivating one. They do not realize the actual situation, simply for the reason that they have never experienced it. There is a very large fly in the ointment, in the shape of the truth that labor, individually represented, cannot possibly meet capital on a basis of equal advantage.

To come right down to solid fact, there is, in the great majority of cases, about as much individual freedom for the laborer, when he deals personally with an employer, as there is for a western farmer when dealing with a mortgage-shark. The workingman is free to accept an employer's terms exactly as water is free to run down hill. When he applies for work, he goes in company with a lot of conspicuous personal necessities; and the shrewd man of business is not obliged to be a very skilful physiognomist to read at a glance the emphatic declaration — "Must be sold at any price." And when, under the beneficent operation of the free-contract plan of salvation, he has sold himself for just enough to keep body and clothes (do animals have

souls ?) together, individual liberty is deified, and the dignity of labor vindicated! As he becomes, by a free, unforced agreement, an indistinguishable part of other automatic machinery, of course it is highly politic that he should be taught the indescribable horrors of the dead-level system.

It is nothing but the intensest kind of moral blindness that hinders any one from seeing the ferocity of the present condition of things, which actually compels one man to beg of another for the privilege of living. But political economy, or, rather, political economists, have told us that our incomparable civilization (?) has resulted from the operation of the same immutable laws which make this kind of begging eminently respectable and proper. If the laboring beggar has been obliged to accept a beggar's position, why, he should be made to understand that it is all right,— because thus it has always been. From the standpoint of the antiquarian, these ideas should be deemed priceless in value. He is the one that can tell you, just exactly, the time when the millennium was running at full blast, before the flood.

The ox with a yoke on his neck, cheerfully chewing the cud of content, has always been held up to the working-classes as an object worthy of admiration. But when, in the case of the latter, the cud of content has changed to one of reflection, it hasn't taken long to realize the contemptible frauds practised upon them. They have paid a fearful penalty for the mistake they have made in doing their thinking by proxy. The worst Trust that can threaten society is a brain Trust.

When men become willing to look for themselves, at the conditions of social life as they are, they will see what the narrowness of a mortgaged mind never can see. A civilization that allows a few to withhold all the land for speculative purposes; that justifies the monopolization of the means of production; that makes a distinction between the soldier who has died in serving his country and the workingman who has died in making it, is worth about ten per cent. of its face value, and is as deceptive in appearance as a sugar-coated pill. Sometime, these economic sophistries will be properly classified; and I envy that future individual who first sees them carefully stowed away on the shelf for good.

Considerable stress has been laid on the statement that the wrongs of labor must be righted principally through the education of the laboring classes. I can only add, to this, my belief that if, among many of the educated, *un*education could go on at an equal pace, progress would be much faster.

GEO. H. HADLEY.

IN SORROW'S PRESENCE.

O GENTLE friend! eyed in thy face
  Runs rivered love to spirit-seas:
Thou wert so born in loving's grace,
  Up to thy height, with ill decrees,
No sundering doubt could quicken pace.

I came, a messenger too frail
  To spell my message at thy door:
I came to color hopes grown pale—
  And found thy heart didst bravely soar
In sweet disdain above my tale.

O gentle friend! eyed in thy face
  Were souls unseen, and brothered hands
To touch thy trust to life, and trace
  Strange pathways into higher lands
Than dogma's priestly stint could space.

My own dead-reappeared to me
  Bathed in thy tears: as risen pure
Out of long pasts I no more see,
  They smiled upon me, to allure
The sunset dreams of memory.

O gentle friend! eyed in thy face
  The love and ecstasy of light
Flamed forth a thousand-phantomed grace
  Into the wilderness of night
To clear the soul's abiding place.

This wreath I sing thee—how it be
  The daybreak spends its lines afar
Down the wild-shored receding sea
  Where earth-lorn sails and sailors are
The melting echoes of thy plea.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

FATALISTIC SCIENCE AND HUMAN SELF-DETERMINATION.

III. VOLUNTARY MOVEMENT THE CRUX OF PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

THE self-movement of organic beings, though it occurs in contradiction to mechanical laws, is a scientifically demonstrated fact; and self-determination can certainly not exist without such power of self-movement. But a being may have the power of self-movement, and yet be a mere automaton; — an organic body performing movements without volitional determination and control. With some propriety this kind of body, though alive, might be called a machine; a machine, however, of a most peculiar order, organically constructed and sustained, and moved by force emanating from its own being. A decapitated frog, swimming along until stopped or exhausted, cannot be said to be determining

these movements of his. They are performed, under appropriate stimulation, solely by his vital mechanism, without the intervention of consciousness or anything that can be regarded as self-determination.

But even if suchlike movements were *accompanied* by their conscious awareness on the part of the being by which they are performed, this being would still be a mere automaton, though a conscious one; — an automaton because its consciousness would have no determining influence on the movements. It would be only an ineffective concomitant phenomenon, a mere ideal effulgence superfluously irradiated from the motor activity.

For us the important point here is, that an organic individual, who would perform all his vital actions in this purely automatic fashion, though perfectly conscious of everything that occurred, could never become a rational and moral agent; could never exercise rational and moral control over that sort of activity.

It is as well to decisively state, at once, that all thinkers, who — to escape pure Materialism on the one side, and pure Spiritualism on the other — hold that mental states and bodily activities, however strictly they may correspond to each other, are, notwithstanding all that, only parallel sets of phenomena, occurring without mutual interaction as a mere two-clock arrangement; — that all thinkers holding this very prevalent view, or any other variety of mere ineffective correspondence, have in truth logically decided against a naturalistic basis of morality, and at the same time against a monistic world-conception. If what I call my reason, and more especially my rational volition, cannot naturally determine my movements, cannot enter as a naturally given condition into the physical nexus, a naturalistic grounding of Ethics is of course out of the question. If the world of mental occurrences, and that of physical occurrences, run their respective courses independently of each other, though in ever so close symbolical correspondence, then Dualism and not Monism is the correct interpretation.

Of such paramount importance is the question we are entering upon, to all who desire to establish morality on a safe humanitarian basis, and who believe in a unitary view of Nature.

It is under this aspect, of a mere correspondence of the mental and the physical order, that animals have been called conscious automata. All their actions are then conceived as automatically performed by their vital mechanism under appropriate stimulation; and the sensations, perceptions, and emotions, which the animal experiences at the time, are pronounced to be only accompanying phenom-

ena, powerless to influence in any way the interactive play that is taking place between the organism and its medium.

Now, as regards ourselves, as it is an undeniable fact that many of our complex actions are or can be unconsciously, or all but unconsciously, performed, the conclusion lies near that, even when we are conscious of acting in some way or other, this consciousness has in reality no determining effect on the action. And such conclusion finds a powerful support in the impossibility of conceiving how anything of conscious or ideal consistency can at all control vital activities, can direct in any manner the motion of organic substance.

It is on the strength of considerations of this kind that so eminent a scientific thinker as Professor Huxley has ventured to declare, that the conscious-automaton-theory "holds equally good for men"; that "all states of consciousness in us are immediately caused by molecular changes in the brain-substance"; that "there is no proof that any state of consciousness is the cause of change in the motion of the matter of the organism"; and that consequently "our mental conditions are simply the symbols in consciousness of the changes which take place automatically in the organism."

Professor Huxley deserves high praise for thus boldly and consistently following the bent of his experiential premises to the bitter end. But the speculative shifts, by which he then persuades himself that he has evaded the "materialistic," "fatalistic," and "atheistic" implications of his scientific convictions, are altogether untenable, are in verity mere atavistic sophistries. If he really believes "that all states of consciousness in us are immediately caused by molecular changes of the brain-substance," he is, despite his occasional erratic flights into the idealistic camp, an outright Materialist. If he really believes that "volitions do not enter into the chain of causation of our actions at all," he is, despite all professions to the contrary, a thorough-going Fatalist. And if he believes that conscious automata, with the rest of things, have evolved without the intervention of a supreme Intelligence, he is, despite his agnostic denunciations of the "senseless babble" of positive deniers, himself a genuine Atheist.

The scientific dilemma of physical necessity and self-determination, the puzzle how "volitions" do "enter into the chain of causation of our actions,"* — has to be rationally and not sophistically overcome. In order to accomplish this, in order to gain a rationally consistent view, the true relation of body and mind has above all to be discov-

*All quotations are from Professor Huxley's essay on "Animal Automatism."

ered. Then, the way by which volitions come to be bodily effective will be sure to reveal itself. We are all unhesitatingly certain, that ideal intentions of ours become realized in the perceptible world. We desire to discover the natural means through which this comes about.

This perplexing task may well be called the Gordian knot of Philosophy, often enough recklessly cut; but which has to be patiently untied before we can ever hope to establish naturalistic Ethics on a solid foundation.

Epicurus, in order to sprinkle a dash of freedom on his materialistic cosmology, allowed the eternal, unchangeable atoms to deviate spontaneously from their straight path. This really implied that they must be endowed with a modicum of self-determining power, with exactly that kind of intrinsic power whose influence over the physical nexus we have ever since been endeavoring to explain. Lucretius, following the steps of his master, left the same exceptionable slip-gap open to free exertion.* But Cicero had already pointed out the all-important inconsistency involved in the introduction of a physically uncaused diversion of motion into a scheme where everything was to be brought about by physical causation.

It is an historical fact that the main scientific and philosophical drift of our present world-conception flows to us in a direct current from the Epicurean interpretation of nature. When, about the middle of the 17th century, Gassendi succeeded in reviving the Epicurean philosophy, the essential tenets of its Atomism were soon adopted by the foremost scientists of the age,— by Descartes, Boyle, Newton, and others. And now, at once, the fundamental incompatibility of mechanical causation and volitional determination gave rise to a trenchantly dualistic view: on the one side a purely physical world, on the other side a purely spiritual world, and no conceivable manner in which the one could influence the other.

But, as the incompatibility of the two worlds seems, nevertheless, through some means, paradoxically overcome in the apparent intercommunication of body and mind during sense-perception, and of mind and body during volitional activity, philosophers have, these last centuries, been zealous in the search for some way rationally to reconcile those antithetical positions.

* Mark how clearly Lucretius was aware of the inexorable Fatalism involved in the purely mechanical conception. He says, B. II., 258–68, "If all motion is connected and dependent, a new movement perpetually arising from a former one in definite order,—the primordial elements never deviating from the straight path to give rise to fresh springs of action potent to subvert the laws of fate and break the rigid chain of cause on cause in infinite succession,—whence comes the freedom of will to all animals in the world; whence, I say, the liberty of action wrested from the Fates, by means of which we go wheresoever inclination leads each of us, moving not at any fixed time, nor in any fixed part of space, but just as our mind prompts us?" This exactly is our problem.

It would be not only of theoretical, but of utmost ethical value, to get to know how we manage to move intentionally; how we succeed in establishing a definite connection between existents so disparate as conscious states and bodily motions; how a command issued by a mental volition can possibly compel our body so to move, in compliance with an ideal purpose, as to effect the intended control over the course of what science teaches to be an undeviating enchainment of physical causes. To get to understand how this wonderful feat, which we are performing every instant of our active life, is really accomplished would be to gain an essential step towards ethical self-reliance.

We cannot marvel that, until a satisfactory natural explanation is found for the ideal guidance of physical occurrences, human imagination, following its inveterate bent, will insist in supplying a visionary one. To the exclusion of a sane view of life, and involving a baneful misconception of the conditions upon which human welfare and progress are really dependent, man — laboring under this perplexity — will continue to fancy himself the butt and sport of spirits, good and evil; will refuse to relinquish the false belief in an indwelling spirit of his own, a spirit fancied to belong in reality to a realm of physically unconditioned and facile fulfillment, but now temporarily imprisoned in this toil-engendering shell of a body; which troublesome casing it, nevertheless, has power to move at will, evincing thus its hyperphysical origin and nature.

A strangely mystifying discongruity does in verity exist between the constitution of mind and that of body. No communion of nature seems to obtain between the impalpable ideal texture of all-revealing consciousness and the solid composition of the narrowly-bounded flesh and bone organism. Inwardly, a disembodied spirit aspiring in joy and sorrow within the illimited range of a thought-woven universe; outwardly, a pitiable lump of organic stuff moulded into the form of a mammalian biped. It is in this amazing incommensurability of our inner and outer being that is to be sought the source of all superstition, the peopling of our world with the weird mockery of spectral powers; the origin, in fact, of all fantastic, dualistic and polyarchaic views of nature. And, if anywhere, it is in our own person, where the spiritual world interblends with the physical, that ghosts of every description have to be exorcised, and that a monistic world-conception has to be established.

We cannot doubt that this body, in which our being is incorporated, which we are so readily moving at will, and so distinctly perceiving in all its details of structure, — on whose vital activities our entire existence seems moreover

to depend; — we cannot doubt for a moment that in some essential and inalienable way it forms part of our very self. Yet, rational reflection assures us, most emphatically, that, after all, this perceptible organism, with its vital functions, cannot possibly be itself the thing we really are, cannot adequately reveal our veritable nature.

Let us take courage, and once more attempt to find the solution of this central enigma. For, our hope of discovering a naturalistic foundation for rational and moral self-determination rests entirely on the possibility of bridging the open chasm between our mental and our physical nature. To this task the next contribution shall be devoted.

EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

PETER AND HIS ISLAND.

AN ALLEGORY.

[Concluded from the December Number.]

They found Peter alone, and cross enough, for his sons were scolding their wives. As soon as Martin began to speak, Peter broke out into a torrent of Latin and Italian oaths, and ran on until he was out of breath. Then Martin, who had been listening with a smile, began to speak once more. Peter sprang at him like a wild-cat, but somehow he ran against one of Martin's big fists, and went down in a heap.* He cried for help, and all the women rushed in, and tried to make peace. While they were talking, the King's officer landed, and called for the yearly tribute. Peter had no money, and no produce ready, except goblets, pastilles, and plasters, which the great King did not want. The arrears were heavy, and the officer began to talk about ejectment. Martin now pulled out a bag of gold pieces, and said he would pay all that was due, and half the tribute hereafter, if he and his friends could have the King's lease for the north half of the island. The officer gladly made out the papers, for Peter had nothing to say. Martin and his friends built themselves cottages in their part of the island, got new tools, fresh seed, and the best of live-stock, cleared out the weeds, manured the land already under cultivation, and broke up new ground. Their wives had noted down the weather-predictions from Peter's almanac, but the men had their own way of following them. If the almanac said, "Fine weather," though the sky was cloudy, Martin would say, "It is a fine day for fishing. Suppose I go down and get the smack ready to put out, while you, Hans, dig the bait, and Sawney folds up the nets and carries them on board."

* Rome stormed, 1527.

These men agreed among themselves to keep three horses, but they seldom set more than one at a time to work. They had plenty of food and money; but there was no sale among them for Peter's goblets, plasters, or pastilles. The women had a hankering after something of the sort, but Sophia told their fortunes with cards and tea-leaves, and pretended to cure all diseases with wonder-working amulets inscribed with magical names like Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Leibnitz, Fichte, Hegel, and Schopenhauer,—charms worth just as much as any of Peter's wares, or even the great Hocus Pocus. They paid her generously, and she bought many fine clothes and trinkets. Peter's dominions she seldom visited, and then only at the risk of her life. Now and then she would creep in by night and pick his grapes; but the baboons who kept guard would soon find her out, and it was all she could do to keep them off by pelting them with axioms and syllogisms.

These baboons were a great nuisance to Martin and his companions. Their orchards were often plundered, and their children bitten. Soon they got watch-dogs, however, of several breeds; big Saxon mastiffs from Wittenberg, and pointers from Geneva, Scotch terriers, who barked at every sound, and water-spaniels from Holland, who were particularly fond of mounting guard up to their necks in the creek which made part of the boundary between the two settlements. No baboon dared meddle twice with these dogs. In fact, they would have been a perfect success if they had not kept up a constant fight among themselves, especially at night. You would have thought they would all be dead before morning, but there was more bark than bite in most of them. There was a big English bull-dog who went by the name of "Bishop," and who never opened his mouth except to eat his dinner or give such a grip as left its mark; but the rest were so noisy that the women had to get Sophia to dose them heavily before there was any quiet. In fact, the hatred of these curs for each other had almost as much to do as the fury they all showed against their common enemies, the baboons, in bringing on the well-known thirty days' fight between Northerners and Southerners, which laid almost the whole island waste.*

It was shortly after this famous war, that Sophia, who always followed what she called her instincts and seldom listened to common sense, was fool enough to marry a peddler, who soon ran away with all her trinkets. Her son Frank became erelong the terror of the island. He went about where he pleased, picking fruit from every tree, and pelting the dogs and baboons with hard, sharp bits of Galileo, Locke, Voltaire, Lyell, and Darwin, until they ran

* The Thirty Years' War.

away howling as soon as they saw his flaxen pate. He found out what Peter's plasters and pastilles were made of, and stole the big Hocus Pocus bread-plate to make a water-wheel. For this, Peter shut him up in his coal-cellar, where he put the black baboons when they got unruly; but Frank dug his way out like a rabbit, and left such a big hole under the house that it has tottered ever since.* He tore whole leaves out of Martin's wife's almanac, to make a kite, on which he hung a string of his mother's Sibylline oracles for a tail. As he grew older he got quieter, but he never really felt the slightest respect for any one else on the island, or believed anything he did not see with his own eyes. He was all the time trying experiments and making discoveries. Martin and the other North-enders got many a useful wrinkle from him, and even Peter and his sons, while professing to hold Frank in the deepest horror, learned what they could from him on the sly.

One of his most successful feats was on a certain Saturday, when a terrible storm was foretold, not only by the almanac but by Sophia's visions. Frank went out at sunrise to his little fishing-boat, and was hoisting sail, when Sophia ran down to beg him not to put off. Martin, who was mowing close by, shouted out, "Stay at home. It is an unlucky day." Frank laughed, and promised to come back if he felt the wind rise. All that day there was a gentle breeze, which died away at sunset, just as Frank came back with his boat loaded down with the first herrings of the season,—such beauties as no one on the island had ever seen before. The next day was Sunday, and no one dared do any fishing except Frank; all days were alike to him. So he had a second good haul. Monday brought an irresistible storm, which drove away all the herrings, and no more were caught that year. Frank was a great authority after this, especially as he was good-natured enough to tell how he knew where to find the herrings.

The young people all sought his advice; and he taught them how to send messages to each other rapidly, and how to tame those fiery black horses that gallop hour after hour, drawing dozens of wagons and coaches, or stand all day long, sawing, weaving, and hammering. Frank's candles made the night as bright as day; and pain ceased to be unendurable after he became physician. He also gradually acquired great skill in curing diseases. Not only that form of hydrophobia caused by the barking of Martin's dogs, but the more virulent and rabid type, yielded readily to his skill. The most terrible of diseases, such as made the islanders beg instead of work, or pick pockets, or shoot each other down in heaps, had been dangerously fostered

* Galileo.

by the mal-practice of Peter and Sophia; but Frank soon succeeded in checking their growth, and may ultimately be able to reduce them into comparative insignificance. He did this largely by making such improvements in the schools, and other public institutions on the island, as greatly increased their power to remove ignorance, suffering, and crime. One of the best things about Frank was that he never answered off-hand, hit or miss, as his mother and old Peter did, but looked again and again into the facts, and tried experiments, so that when at last he did speak it was something worth hearing. He would have been the oracle of the island, if he had not refused to say a word in reply to some of the questions which Peter and Sophia were most fond of answering, especially Sophia, who managed to give a new answer every time, and in ever bigger words than before. So she went on making new words, while Frank showed new facts; and the island prospered mightily.

One day, news came of an insurrection against the great King to whom the islanders paid tribute. Peter was naturally furious against all rebels, and eager to have them put down. Martin said, "The rebels have not hurt me, but I do not want to change too much." So they bargained with Frank to turn his little steamer, the "Experiment," into a gun-boat, and carry over a band of young men to the main-land. Frank readily put in the cannon, and made the other changes in his vessel, but he declared that he would not join the royal navy until these expenses had been repaid. Peter, as he knew very well, had no money; and Martin and the other Northerners refused positively to pay more than their share. The time during which payment was to be made went by; and the "Experiment" was missing, as well as the young men. Some anxious weeks passed before her smoke was seen in the distance one morning. Martin at once had three big kegs of his oldest and strongest beer sent down to the wharf, on the boundary of the two sections. Peter, too, carried down three casks of his oldest wine. All the islanders were on the shore in their newest finery. The royal banner floated proudly from the standards at each end of the wharf. All the girls and women carried flowers. High above them towered Sophia, dressed in red, and waving a red flag over her head.

On, on, came the "Experiment"; but she did not carry the royal banner. It was one never seen before by the islanders,—one with red and white stripes, and a blue field filled with stars. Peter rubbed his eyes. Martin said: "After all, one flag is just as good as another. Any way, we shall drink the beer." The young people knew rather more, and Sophia knew most of all. She sprang forward, waving her red banner, and chanting a hymn to Liberty.

She sang the glories of ancient Athens and Rome, of insurgent England and republican France. She named proudly those philosophers who loved freedom, like Cato, Rousseau, Fichte, and Emerson, but said nothing about the rest. She sang how free and happy the island would be henceforth, as the people made all things new. While she sang, the royal banners sank down into the dust, and Peter muttered words which were not of benediction. The steamer swung in to the wharf, and Frank sprang ashore. He was in full uniform, with epaulets on his shoulders, and a gold-hilted sword by his side. He called out, "Three cheers for the Republic." And every one but Peter joined in.

The young men on board shouted, "There is the man to choose as our governor, the best man on the island, foremost in Freedom's fight." They rushed on shore, reminding their friends how much Frank had done for them all, and telling how it was his vessel which broke the boom that closed the harbor, and how it was the torpedo which he had made, and set in place, that blew up the King's best ship. The election was held at once. Peter and a few others did not vote, but those ballots that were cast bore only one name. Martin himself announced the choice to Frank, and told him, "I always knew you would be a great man." "Ah," replied Frank, "was that the reason you caned me so for tearing the almanac?" "Well, that was some time ago. You have no better friend than old Martin now. Let us drink each other's health." Martin was as good as his word.

It was some time before Peter could be induced even to speak to Frank. When at last he did so, and said he supposed of course he should be allowed to sit as judge over his own people as before, Frank replied that all such questions must be answered by the people's vote. At this Peter turned around, and strutted home, shouting out Latin curses all the way. As soon as he reached his own house, which is much the most expensive on the island, he marched into the parlor, seated himself in his gilded easy-chair, amid the soft cushions which he says were stuffed for him by the angels, and proclaimed himself a prisoner. There he sits all day still, while his daughters-in-law kiss his slippers, and offer him wine, sweet-meats, and incense, on bended knees. The doors are open, and he can go out whenever he pleases; but he prefers to stay in his parlor, and make believe that he is in prison. The south end of the island has been much better managed since he has given up meddling there. Now and then he hears of some improvement, and then he sends around a letter, cursing all who like changes, especially Frank, Martin, and Sophia. Sensible people only laugh at the prisoner to his own obstinacy.

Frank says, "I don't care what he writes, nor how long he shuts himself up in his parlor, but let him do the least harm to any man, woman, or child, and he shall travel." The other islanders are taking Frank's advice. Even Sophia has given up some of her vagaries, though people say that this is only because she has set her cap for Martin. She is growing old fast, and Martin is getting lazy. Peter is still vigorous, and the great question on the island is, "Will he behave himself, or will he travel?"

F. M. Holland.

WHY PROPAGATE "EVOLUTION" VIEWS?

Evolution may be true, in the field of biology, it may be said, but what of it? Man may be the descendant of an anthropoid ape, "probably arboreal in its habits," though of this we are not convinced; but why is it necessary to announce the fact? Any one who traces his ancestry back far enough, will probably discover relationships of which he will not be particularly proud — but he does not therefore find it necessary to bruit the matter abroad, so to speak,— to publish it upon the housetops. Truth is a good thing, indeed, but there are times when silence is golden and speech is leaden — when discretion in speech is the better part of intellectual valor. What moral or religious end can possibly be attained by the public proclamation of a belief in Evolution? Such are the comments, no doubt, of some of the self-constituted critics of the work of this Association. Another sort of criticism of certain phases of evolutionary thought is often heard from those who are quite ready to declare themselves converts to the doctrine in its purely physical and biological aspects: Evolution is only a method, these critics declare; it is not a philosophy, it is not a religion; — the great problems of ethics, of metaphysics, of life, what have these to do with the nebular hypothesis, the origin of species by natural selection, or the descent of man from lower forms of life?

It should be sufficient, perhaps, to remind intelligent people that if evolution is "only a method," it is, so far as we are able to discover, a *universal* method, penetrating into all the phenomenal activities of nature; explaining not only the processes whereby suns and worlds have come into being, and the varied and bountiful forms of life have successively appeared upon the earth, but also how the several faculties of the mind have grown out of the simplest form of conscious apprehension, how the special senses have been developed, how individuals have been impelled to combine, forming the complex organizations into which

our civilized societies are divided, how governmental forms have evolved and the institutions of religion have come into being — how religion itself, indeed, and that sense of obligation which constitutes the foundation of man's moral nature, have arisen by processes entirely orderly and natural, out of the interaction between certain primitive instincts and tendencies of the human mind, and the environing conditions under which they have found expression.

If we are right in assuming, with Spencer and Fiske and other great leaders in this new movement of thought, that evolution is thus practically illimitable in its range throughout the universe of physical and mental phenomena, then indeed must we confess that it is not merely a method whereby the myriad forms of organic life have come into being — it is a method which searches into the deeper problems of religion and philosophy, compelling a reconsideration of old conclusions — a reconstruction of many of their fundamental conceptions. To speak of "the philosophy of Evolution," therefore, is not without warrant. We may well term it, with John Fiske, a "cosmic philosophy," since it is thus universal in its scope and application; or with Mr. Spencer, a "synthetic philosophy," since, like the founder of Christianity, it comes not to destroy but to fulfill, discovering the measure of truth which resides in each antagonistic system, and by a new and deeper synthesis combining them into a harmonious and perfect whole.

If it should appear to some superficial thinkers that the advocates of this philosophy unnecessarily antagonize the creeds and methods of the prevalent religious faith,— ideas and conceptions that by many are deemed sacred,— the reply must be that the truth is more sacred than any existing institution, or theological or cosmological conception, however venerable. In the language of Emerson, "Nothing at last is sacred but the integrity of your own mind." There is an ethics of the intellect which imposes upon every reverent thinker the obligation to follow absolutely the dictates of his enlightened reason, and frankly to confess his innermost convictions. In the noble passage with which Mr. Spencer concludes the first part of his "First Principles of Philosophy," he says:

"Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view. Let him duly recognize the fact that opinion is the agency through which character adapts external arrangements to itself — that his opinion rightly forms a part of this agency — is a unit of force, constituting, with other such units, the general power which works out social changes; and he will perceive that

he may properly give utterance to his innermost conviction: leaving it to produce what effect it may. . . . He must remember that, while he is a descendant of the past, he is a parent of the future; and that his thoughts are as children born to him, which he may not carelessly let die. He, like every other man, may properly consider himself as one of the myriad agencies through whom works the Unknown Cause; and when the Unknown Cause produces in him a certain belief, he is thereby authorized to profess and act out that belief. For, to render in their highest sense the words of the poet, —

> ' . . . Nature is made better by no mean,
> But Nature makes that mean; over that art
> Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
> That Nature makes.'

"Not as adventitious, therefore, will the wise man regard the faith that is in him. The highest truth he sees he will fearlessly utter; knowing that, let what may come of it, he is thus playing his right part in the world; — knowing that if he can effect the change he aims at — well: if not, — well also, though not *so* well."

LEWIS G. JANES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TWO VIEWS OF LIFE."

MY DEAR MR. WEST:

I cannot forbear thanking you for your kindness in publishing my verses on "Life," and also in making such flattering mention of them in your editorial columns. And I want to express to you our enjoyment of your beautiful "Answer," which has all the more force, coming as it does from one who not only preaches, but practises his faith.

It is true, as you say, that there are many ideas of life, and yours is perhaps the nobler and the wiser one; for since we are here, and since no smallest deed of ours can fail to have its effect upon the people around us, we ought to do our bravest and our best. But, after all, try as we may to cultivate the hopeful attitude of mind, sad thoughts will come. I'm sure you will agree with me that my verses are not far from expressing the inner feelings of the earnest man. He doesn't say much about them; he puts on a cheerful face and resolves to see only the bright side of things; but when he sits down and communes with himself he cannot help acknowledging that life is sad. And it is sad. When I think of all the suffering and sin and sorrow there is in the world, it hurts me, almost like a physical pain.

Life is an opportunity, as you say — but only to some of us. There are men and women so happily born and reared that everything seems to combine to enable them to make their existence a blessing to their fellow-men. Others, still more fortunate, have the tenacious will-power which overcomes all obstacles. But the great mass of people are so bound down and circumscribed by hereditary traits and by their environment that their minds are dulled — they cannot hear the music of noble aspirations, and they look upon life as a rough, stony road to be got over in the

easiest possible way. Their own foot-weariness is so hard to bear that they can't spend much time in smoothing the way for their fellow-travelers.

George Eliot found life an opportunity; but to the convict laboring in the Siberian mines it is simply a misery to be endured.

But, as you beautifully say, our place is not "at the banquet or the rout" — we should be endeavoring to "bring joyance to the hungry eyes without." That is quite true; but I cannot think this *all* a poet has to do. As it seems to me, his mission is to write of things as they *are* — to hold the mirror of his mind up to men and women, and let it reflect their feelings and their actions as it will. And as human nature is many-sided the pictures he presents must, of necessity, be of varying shapes and hues. But I'm quite ready to admit that the world needs social reformers more than it does poets, and I, though I'm not wise enough to understand all the conditions or to form theories and help in carrying them out, can at least applaud you and all others who are doing the noble work, and wish you "good-speed."

But one thing more. Do you really think that many of us take comfort in the thought that we are part of an "infinite whole"? I am afraid not. It seems to me that the ego is the most largely developed part of man. If we do a noble deed we want to be remembered in connection with it. We cannot bear to think that we shall be forgotten, even though the good we do may live on. When the late John Crerar left money for the founding of a Free Public Library in Chicago he stipulated that it should be called by his name. The knowledge that numberless people will be helped and encouraged by his legacy did not satisfy him; he wanted the thought of the giver to be associated with the gift. And so it is with many of us; in one way or another we are continually making the prayer that is voiced in one of Dickens' "Christmas Stories" — "Lord, keep my memory green!"

Very sincerely, NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

THE F. R. A. LECTURES.

THE arrangements for the course of Sunday-afternoon Lectures on Social Reform and the Functions of the State, under the auspices of the Free Religious Association, to which reference has been made in THE NEW IDEAL, are nearly completed.

The course will be opened Sunday afternoon, January 19, at Horticultural Hall. Among the speakers already engaged are Rev. M. J. Savage, Edward Atkinson, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Rev. John G. Brooks, and Rev. R. Heber Newton. Edward Bellamy and others are expected. The course will consist of eight lectures. It is the desire of the Committee that all important standpoints with reference to the question of Industrial Organization shall be well represented, and that the course may contribute something of real value toward the formation of good public opinion.

Tickets for the course will be sold at $1.50; and all earnest men and women are asked to co-operate to make the course an emphatic success. Address EDWIN D. MEAD, Secretary, 73 Pinckney street, Boston.